

The ancient feminine custom of going thru the pockets of the natural providers of a family and the unconscious slumber may be followed by consequences of the most unpleasant character. It is the case of a poor wife is forced to it by the stinginess of her lord and master, and can seldom be really justified. A woman of a Brooklyn Police Court, a woman who lies quietly in bed, but with open eyes, and who tells her husband the breathing which tells her that her life partner is in the Land of Nod, then stealthily arises and goes to the bedroom of her lord and master, where she proceeds to go thru his trousers, as guilty of theft as the man who would steal the trousers belonged to some other man. The woman in question, however, can get out a warrant against her husband. This decision is sustained by the highest courts of the state. The mysterious disappearance of the change from that \$5 or \$10 bill broken into just before departing for the docks.

The man who will soon take the seat of Charles Eliot as President of Harvard College will have the eyes of the whole educated world upon him, but the name of Lawrence Lowell is not yet so well known as it should be. Lowell will fail to make good. Prof. Abbott Lawrence Lowell has already had a most distinguished career. He is a Boston and a Harvard man, having graduated from that institution in 1884. He has since held considerable positions thru the sale of cotton, founded the famous Lowell Institute in Boston, which was particularly designed for lecture-giving, and his maternal grandfather, Abbott Lawrence, was a cotton manufacturer of Massachusetts. Prof. Lowell is a man of 53, in the full vigor of his mental and physical powers. While a student at Harvard he by no means neglected ath-

runner. For 17 years after graduating from Lowell, he was in the employ of his father. He then continued the study of comparative government, which had always interested him profoundly. He wrote several books, and is now generally regarded as an authority on the science of government, and upon the establishment of the Eaton Professorship at Harvard University. He was founded by the late Dorman B. Eaton, of New York. Lowell was asked to fill that chair. This he did with brilliant success. He has been twice elected to the Government of England, which attracted much attention and led to his election as President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He is now ambassador to Mr. Bryce, the present Ambassador from England to this country, to whose work, "The American Commonwealth," he has just published, is very favorably compared. Mr. Lowell seems to be fitted in every way for the high and honorable position he is about to occupy. He is a man of many mental qualities, he has decided social gifts. He is a public speaker of force and distinction, and a man of much practical knowledge. He has been frequently quoted as saying that he considers the head of Harvard College the most influential office in the United States, and that he has never known a man of all Americans in making it so.

has been a deal of very serious thought has been spent on the subject of marriage where one of the contracting parties has given unquestioned evidence of possession of such disease. It is entirely and personally a matter for the law to handle, in spite of the incalculable damage that it has done and is doing entirely to the individual. To legislate on the subject with absolute justice would appear to be impossible, because treating the spouse as a legal partner shows plainly the inheritance of some disease not infrequently, later on, under favorable conditions, succeed in eradicating the disease and thus the poison. To deprive such of the greatest of earthly joys—a happy marriage—would be cruelty and injustice. Instead of this, the law should be discriminating law could do a great deal toward mitigating or lessening the evil, and the eradicating of the disease. This is the lead in this important reform movement. A bill requiring all applicants for a marriage license to be provided with a certificate of a negative test by some reputable physician, has passed

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, author of that magnificent battle hymn, beginning "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," was the first to tell of the interesting things about Boston in the '40's, in an article published in Harper's Bazaar. Ralph Waldo Emerson, she tells us, was hardly exceptional in being so well-thought-of and estimable a set, the thinking people were looking to him as a master. People dined at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and had their evening meals at 7. The first calls were made between the hours of 12 and 2. Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis was one of the conspicuous figures of old Boston, and held a very large place in the social life of the city in the 18th century salon. At her famous Saturday

evenings there gathered not only the fashionable people, but all the literary lights and other distinguished persons. Mrs. Otis's rather small house was open from basement to attic, and her guests were at liberty to visit every room. She was a woman of considerable public spirit, and was largely influential in having Washington's birthday made a legal holiday in the State of Massachusetts.

David Rankin, of Scotch-Irish descent, born in Indiana, is said to be the owner of the biggest farm in the world. This is situated in the neighborhood of Tarkio, Mo., and embraces 25,640 acres, on which he has 12,900 fattening hogs, 9,000 cattle, 800 horses more than 100 cottages in which his employees live, and great quantities of machinery. It is 40 miles from one end of his farm to the other. He raises 1,000,000 bushels of corn annually, but does not sell any, as he uses it all for fodder. His farm is valued at \$4,000,000.

On Feb. 15, if all goes well, there will seat themselves around the banquet table a group of about 100 men each of whom is minus at least one digit. The guest of honor will be Dr. John B. Deaver, to whose skillful fingers and sharp knife they owe their freedom from the apparently unnecessary and painful cross-finger operation. One hundred and twenty-five of this goodly company will be themselves members of the medical profession, and the others grateful patients who will come from all over the country to do homage to their savior. What the dinner will consist of we are not told. Surely such a select class will not content themselves with the fare of the ordinary, unfortunate, appendicitis sufferer. The banquet will be a moral, a lesson, a warning to disciples will need to content themselves with needing the grape entire. We wait anxiously for the menu of that

My Anderson, the former American actress, has taken her bright-eyed little nine-year-old boy and sailed for England, leaving her husband, Jose Francisco de Navarro, and their little daughter behind on account of the illness of her father-in-law, who has just died. Jose Francisco de Navarro was well known in this country. Although a native of Spain, he had been in America for many years. He was constructed the first iron steamship company in the United States, and it was thru his efforts that the first elevated railway of New York was built. He created the Portland cement industry in America. Mr. de Navarro was 71 years of age.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick, the American woman who spent so many years in an English prison for the supposed murder of her husband, has been successful in the suit brought by her to recover the \$5,000 which her lawyer has failed to send over to her and which represents the proceeds of the sale of a part of the valuable land owned by her in Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland. The money is payable for its coal deposits, and came to her mother, Baroness von Roques, from her first husband, Darius B. Hollister. She had inherited the lands, which she had deeded to the lawyer on the very day when she was convicted, and when the mental condition was such as rendered her irresponsible for her actions.

It is doubtful if any mother could be found to consent to the experiment which was made on a poor little foundling recently to test the efficacy of the out-of-doors treatment for pulmonary tuberculosis. The child was suffering from pneumonia and in a bad physical condition generally, was well wrapped up in blankets and taken to the hospital of Richmond, where it was placed in a box, with high sides and surround-

ed by hot-water bags. Only its little eyes, nose and mouth were exposed to the biting wind, for it happened to be a very cold day, and the box was placed well out of the wind. The baby survived the day, and was pronounced much improved in consequence of the heroic treatment, which it was decided to continue. All the same, as before remarked, there are not many mothers of babes suffering with this dread disease who would consider for an instant the removal of its limbs from the warm nursery, and the exposing of the delicate, painless little lungs to the icy outside air. This was one of the cases of this meretricious little one.

It is a mistake to suppose that John D. Rockefeller is the first and only oil King that the world has ever known for it seems that some 2,300 years ago he lived in that same land of the Sapphires and the emerald and the opals who kept his eyes very wide open, indeed. He and the philosopher Aristotle were great friends, and took long walks together. While they were walking and Aristotle was talking, Thales's sharp eyes were taking in everything. One year various little things happened in the country that was going to be an unusually good year for olives, and he did not pass this bit of information on to some one else, or to his friends. He waited until the shrewd business man that he was, kept his own counsel and quietly went to work and bought up all the oil presses in the country. Then he compelled the oil makers to come to him when the time arrived for them to make their oil. Which shows that men have been making money since the day of the first man, and that business has always changed very little since the

We are told, which may be true or not, that the very weak-backed little person who is leaning down to the feet of Duke Chaunles, infant son of our young countrywoman, Theodora Shonts, does credit to his American blood by being a fine, red-checked, muscular fellow. He is the only one to have had his first picture taken. The Chaunles apartment was not light enough for the snapshot picture which is the only one of the baby Duke was arrayed in his white fur coat and cap and carried down to the street, where quite a little group gathered to see what a golden-haired baby had been born to the world. He had a befitting his name and station. Grandamma Shonts does not know when to stop when she gets started talking about that baby. She has been talking about her son's life in her life, barring none. Altho she was about two months old, he shows a wonderful amount of individuality. He has a few of his mother's features, but is liberating on the mystery of life, and others when he blazes out in a splendid fit of truly dukely temper. And, this, our dotting Granny tells us, he actually

Poor Carrie Nation, whose little hatchet has become almost as celebrated as that of the Father of his Country, has indeed been giving a fine time. She has found her sorrow that the way of the transgressor is a plain one in comparison to that of the former. Carrie has not had anything like a pleasant experience since she crossed the seas to improve the morals of her British brothers and sisters. She has not been given good words by the men. She has been told, more or less politely, to "move on," and she has been badly ejected from the premises on several occasions. This, the other evening, when delivering a lecture or something on the stage of a variety show, was "booded" by the police. The first time she was ejected, one of which struck her full in the face. The police had to protect her while she left the hall. Carrie had to be strapped to a chair and taken back home. At least, we treat her better than that.

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